Boy The musique is come sir. *enter musicke.*

Fal. Let them play, play sirs, sit on my knee Doll, a rascall bragging slaue the rogue fled from me like quicksiluer.

Dol. Yfaith and thou followdst him like a church, thou horson little tydee Bartholemew borepigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch vp thine old body for heauen.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Fal Peace good Doll, do not speake like a deathes head, do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol Sirra, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow yong fellow, a would haue made a good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

Dol They say Poines has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke as Tewksbury mustard, theres no more conceit in him then is in a mallet.

Dol Why does the prince loue him so then?

Fal. Because their legges are both of a bigneſſe, and a plaies at quoites well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinkes off candles endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his bootes very smoothe like vnto the signe of the Legge, and breedes no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambole faculties a has that show a weake minde, and an able bodie for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another, the weight of a haire wil turne scales between their haber de poiz.

Prince Would not this naue of a wheele haue his eares cut off?

Poynes Lets beate him before his whore.

Prince Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule clawd like a parrot.

Poynes Is it not strange that desire should so many yeeres out liue performance.

Falst. Kisse me Doll.

Prince

Prince Saturne and Venus this yeere in coniunction? what saies th' Almanacke to that?

Poyns And look whether the fierie Trigon his man be not lisping to his master, old tables, his note booke, his counsel keeper?

Falst. Thou dost giue me flattering busses.

Dol By my troth I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

Falst. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I loue thee better then I loue, ere a scuruy yong boy of them all.

Fal. What stuffe wilt haue a kirtle of? I shall receiue mony a thursday, shalt haue a cap to morrow: a merry song. come it growes late, weele to bed, thou't forget me when I am gone.

Dol By my troth thou't set me a weeping and thou saist so, proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome til thy returne, wel hearken a'th end.

Fal. Some sacke Francis.

Prince, Poynes Anon anon sir.

Falst. Ha? a bastard sonne of the Kings? and arte not thou Poynes his brother?

Prince Why thou globe of sinfull continents, what a life dost thou leade?

Falst. A better then thou, I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

Prince Very true sir, and I come to drawe you out by the eares.

Host. O the Lord preserue thy grace: by my troth welcom to London, now the Lord blesse that sweete face of thine, O Iesu, are you come from Wales?

Falst. Thou horson madde compound of maiestie, by this light, flesh, and corrupt bloud, thou art welcome.

Doll How? you fat foole I scorne you.

Poynes My lorde, he will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a meriment if you take not the heate.

Prince You horson candlemine you, how vildly did you speake of me now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill gentlewoman?